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FEELINGS  
AND  
THINGS

VERSES OF  
CHILDHOOD

BY

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE



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To

THE DEAR MEMORY

OF MY

FATHER AND MOTHER

DAVID AND ADELAIDE WALLACE.

## THE AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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TO  
ALL CHILDREN  
WHO LOVE TO READ

Once there was a Little Girl who loved to read  
and read,  
And would have stayed up (if she could!) oh,  
very late indeed!  
She'd *rather read than go to bed!* (I'd rather—  
wouldn't you?)  
But then the clock flew round so fast (perhaps  
*you've* seen that, too?)  
That it was just no time at all—the twinkling of  
an eye—  
Till that child's Mother SPOKE to her: "Now  
put your reading by."  
Of course she did—(she had to!) but 'twas  
pretty hard, she thought,  
Always to have to go to bed when Mother said  
she ought.  
Of course *you* never feel that way—you *love* to go  
to bed;  
That is, I'm very sure you do—if you're a sleepy-  
head!

But if you're not, I think *you* beg for "just a minute, *please!*"

As that child did so long ago. (Of *course* you never *tease!*)

That Little Girl (you've guessed it?) is the child I used to be;

'Tis strange, but she's alive and *young*, and lives inside of me!

Like Peter Pan she wanted to be young her whole life long,

And so she hid within my heart—I hope it wasn't wrong!

For if you can believe me, she was never to be found—

That is, not after she was twelve—when birthdays came around.

She snuggled deep within my heart, and when the day came nigh,

She never made a sound, and so the birthdays passed her by.

But Grown-up-Me is much too old to interest her now,

Or be much company for her—you see, I don't know how.

And so whenever she would like to do as children do,

She slips away to Child Land, to talk and play with you!

THE AUTHOR.

# Feelings and Things

---

## AT THE SEA

I LIKE TO LIE UPON THE BEACH,  
AND HEAR THE OCEAN ROAR,  
AND WATCH THE WAVES COME RUSHING  
IN  
AND CLIMBING UP THE SHORE.



THE SAND IS HOT, THE SUN IS HOT,  
BUT I AM COOL AS COOL!  
AND WHEN I LIKE I GO AND PLAY  
QUITE SAFELY IN THE POOL.

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

**T**HAT'S WHERE THE OCEAN LEAVES  
BEHIND

SOME WATER FROM THE TIDE,  
AND LITTLE CHILDREN BATHE IN IT,—  
IT'S NEITHER DEEP NOR WIDE.



**B**UT IT IS VERY CLEAR, AND BLUE,  
AND SHINING IN THE SUN,  
AND LITTLE SHIVERS BLOW ON IT  
TO MAKE THE RIPPLES RUN.



**A**ND OH, IT'S GREAT WHEN DADDY  
TAKES

ME SWIMMING IN THE SEA!  
I CATCH MY BREATH, BUT THEN I KNOW  
HE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF ME.

## AT THE SEA

---

WHEN WAVES ARE BIG, YOU'D THINK  
THEY'D KNOCK  
US DOWN, BUT UP WE GO!  
AND OH, I SCREAM AND LAUGH A LOT  
AT FATHER'S JUMPING SO.



AND THEN MY MOTHER RUBS ME TILL  
I'M JUST AS WARM AS TOAST,  
AND DRESSES ME, AND I GO BACK,  
AND I FEEL SLEEPY—'MOST.



I'M HUNGRY, TOO— BUT THEN WE LIKE  
TO STAY AWHILE TO REST,  
AND THAT IS SUCH A LOVELY TIME!—  
I ALMOST THINK THE BEST.

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

**I** LOOK AND LOOK, AND I'M SO GLAD  
IT'S SUCH A SHINING DAY. . . .  
I WISH THAT I COULD SAIL AND SAIL . . .  
AWAY . . . AWAY . . . AWAY!



## ON SUNDAY EVENING

SOMETIMES ON SUNDAY EVENING,  
WHEN IT IS VERY COLD,  
AND JANE IS OUT, MY MOTHER PUTS THE  
TABLE YOU UNFOLD  
BEFORE THE FIRE IN DADDY'S DEN,  
AND SPREADS IT THERE FOR TEA;  
(I DON'T HAVE TEA, SO MOTHER MAKES  
THE CAMBRIC KIND FOR ME).



AND WE GO OUT AND LOOK AROUND  
FOR ODDS AND ENDS TO EAT;  
THEN MOTHER MAKES THE TOAST BE-  
FORE THE FIRE, AND AS A TREAT



## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

FOR FATHER, MAKES SOME CHEESY  
THING—THE PEPPER MAKES ME  
SNEEZE;

SHE DOES IT IN THE CHAFING-DISH,  
AND LETS ME GRATE THE CHEESE.



THEN FATHER TURNS AROUND AND  
ROARS, "O WOMAN, GIVE ME  
*FOOD!*"

OF COURSE THAT'S ONLY JUST HIS FUN,  
FOR FATHER'S NEVER RUDE.  
AND WHEN WE'VE EATEN ALL WE WANT,  
WE CLEAR UP EVERY SCRAP,  
THEN FATHER SITS IN HIS BIG CHAIR,  
AND I SIT ON HIS LAP.

## ON SUNDAY EVENING

---

**A**ND MOTHER PERCHES ON THE ARM,  
AND SNUGGLES DOWN, AND OH!  
WE SEE ALL SORTS OF PICTURES WHEN  
THE FIRE IS BURNING LOW. . . .  
AND WHEN WE HEAR THE WIND GO BY,  
AND THEN OUR FIRE GOES SIZZ-Z-!  
AND FATHER HUGS US BOTH, WHY—  
HOME SEEMS ALL THE PLACE THERE  
IS!



## AN ACTIVE CHILD

WHAT SHALL I DO, MOTHER, WHAT  
SHALL I DO?  
PLAY STEAMBOAT? I DID.—AND I  
PLAYED WITH MY ZOO;  
I'VE PLAYED WITH MY BLOCKS, AND THE  
REST OF MY TOYS,  
AND GRANDMA'S ASLEEP, SO I CAN'T  
MAKE A NOISE,—  
AND THERE'S NOBODY HERE I CAN  
BOTHER 'CEPT YOU—  
WHAT SHALL I DO, MOTHER, WHAT  
SHALL I DO?

## AN ACTIVE CHILD

**B**UT WHAT SHALL I DO? IT'S BEEN  
RAINING ALL DAY,—  
I WISH THAT THE NAUGHTY OLD RAIN  
WOULD GO 'WAY!  
I GUESS I'LL GO OUT IN MY OLD RUBBER  
COAT,  
AND PLAY IN THE PUDDLES WITH MY  
LITTLE BOAT.  
THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO, MOTHER! YOU  
CAN JUST BET  
I'M A-GOING RIGHT OUT AND GET WET-  
TER'N WET !



**B**UT WHAT *SHALL* I DO, THEN? I  
DON'T WANT A NAP—  
DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD CUDDLE  
ME UP IN YOUR LAP?

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

OH, THAT'S GOOD . . . BUT, NOW, WHAT  
SHALL WE DO TO HAVE FUN?

WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN—WILL I  
NEVER HAVE DONE—?

'COURSE I LIKE IT TO SNUGGLE UP  
COMFY WITH YOU,

BUT WHAT SHALL WE *DO*, MOTHER?  
WHAT SHALL WE *DO*?



## JUST BECAUSE

FATHER, WHY DOESN'T THE MOON .  
LOOK NOW

AS LARGE AS IT LOOKED THAT TIME  
BEFORE ?

YOU S'POSE THAT A PIECE WAS KNOCKED  
OFF BY THE COW—

WELL THEN, WON'T IT BE EVER BIG  
ANY MORE ?

OH, FATHER, DON'T TEASE . . . AS-  
TEROMICAL LAWS . . .

WHY CAN'T I, FATHER ? JUST BECAUSE ?

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

FATHER, WHAT MADE THE THREE  
BEARS GO TO BED ?

THEY WERE SLEEPY ? WHAT FOR ? DID  
THEY SAY THEIR PRAYERS ?

WELL, IF I HAD BEEN THERE I'D 'A'  
SHOOTED 'EM DEAD !

AND I'D NEVER BE SLEEPY IF I WAS  
BEARS.

PLEASE READ ME SOME MORE OUT OF  
*PAWS AND CLAWS.*

WHY CAN'T YOU, FATHER ? JUST BE-  
CAUSE ?



FATHER, WHAT MAKES IT BE TIME  
FOR BED ?

AND WHAT MAKES YOUR MOUTH ALL  
RED INSIDE ?

## JUST BECAUSE

AND WHAT'S THAT SO HEAVY INSIDE  
MY HEAD ?

OH, PLEASE, DADDY, GIVE ME A PICK-A-  
BACK RIDE !

WHY, FATHER, I JUST WAS *A-STRETCH-*  
*ING* MY JAWS !

WHY MUST I, FATHER ? JUST BECAUSE ?





## THE SOLUTION

**M**ARIE'S MY SISTER; SHE IS TEN;  
I'M HALF-PAST EIGHT, ABOUT.  
MARIE OUTGROWS HER CLOTHES, AND  
THEN  
I HAVE TO WEAR THEM OUT.



**B**UT MOTHER SAYS TO STAND QUITE  
STRAIGHT,  
AND MAYBE IF I DO,  
I'LL GROW—OH, WOULDN'T THAT BE  
GREAT?—  
THE TALLER OF THE TWO !



**I**'D HAVE TO HAVE THE NEW THINGS,  
THEN,

## THE SOLUTION

ALL JUST MADE UP JUST FOR ME;  
AND NEVER WEAR MARIE'S AGAIN—  
HOW LOVELY THAT WOULD BE !



PERHAPS MARIE WOULD HAVE TO  
WEAR  
THE DRESSES I'D OUTGROW.  
SHE'D SEE WHAT I HAVE HAD TO BEAR—  
OH, DEAR ! THAT'S MEAN, I KNOW.



WELL, THEN, I HOPE WHEN MOTHER  
BUYS  
OUR THINGS WHEN WE ARE GROWN,  
WE'LL NEED THEM JUST THE SELFSAME  
SIZE,  
AND EACH WEAR OUT HER OWN !

## AT CHURCH

I LOVE TO GO TO CHURCH IN LENT,  
AND HEAR THE ORGAN PLAY;  
MY MOTHER TOOK ME WHEN SHE WENT  
TO SERVICE YESTERDAY.



IT'S VERY STILL AND HAPPY THERE;  
THE SUNSHINE SEEMS TO POUR  
IN MISTY COLORS THROUGH THE AIR  
ACROSS THE PEWS AND FLOOR.



IT'S FUNNY HOW THE ORGAN SHAKES  
WHEN IT BEGINS TO PLAY,—  
IT LIFTS ME UP AND UP . . . AND TAKES  
ME SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY . . .

## AT CHURCH

AND THEN SOMEHOW MY EYES THEY  
FILL,  
BUT MOTHER KNOWS 'BOUT ME,  
AND HOLDS ME CLOSE AND CLOSER  
STILL,  
SO NOBODY WILL SEE.



IN LENT OUR RECTOR'S VERY SAD,  
AND TALKS ABOUT IT; HE  
THINKS EVERYONE'S A LITTLE BAD,—  
I'M 'FRAID THAT HE MEANS ME.



SO WHEN THERE'S MUSIC, AND WE  
KNEEL,  
AND I JUST CRY, OR WOULD  
IF 'T WEREN'T IN CHURCH, WHY DO I  
FEEL  
ALL SORRY-GLAD—AND GOOD?

## THE DIFFERENCE

**O**H, MORNINGS I CAN PLAY QUITE  
HARD,—

THE WORLD SEEMS JUST A-HUMMING;  
IT'S ALL SO INTERESTING AND NEW,  
AND EVERYTHING SEEMS *COMING*.



**B**UT AFTERNOONS IT'S VERY STILL.  
I DO A LITTLE SEWING,  
AND PLAY ALL QUIET, BY MYSELF,  
AND EVERYTHING SEEMS *GOING*.



## THE PUZZLE

ONE TIME I WAKENED IN THE NIGHT,  
AND ALL WAS STILL AS STILL. . . .  
THE MOON WAS SHINING BIG AND  
BRIGHT; I HEARD A WHIP-POOR-WILL.  
AND AS I LAY AND LISTENED THERE, I  
FELT THE QUEEREST WAY. . . .  
IT DIDN'T SEEM TOMORROW . . . YET  
IT WASN'T YESTERDAY. . . .  
I MEAN . . . OH, DEAR ! JUST WHEN I  
THINK I'M REALLY GETTING ON,  
AND FINDING HOW I FEEL, THE TRULY  
THING I MEAN IS . . . GONE.



## SHADOW SECRETS

I LIKE TO WAKE UP EARLY AND CREEP  
SOFTLY 'CROSS THE FLOOR,  
FOR SOMEHOW NOTHING FEELS THE  
WAY IT DID THE DAY BEFORE.  
WHEN IT IS ALL SO QUIET THERE SEEMS  
SUCH A LOT OF *ME*—  
I LIKE TO SIT AND THINK, AND WONDER  
HOW IT CAME TO BE.



BEFORE THE SUN COMES UP IT'S ALL  
SO GRAY AND SOFT AND QUEER;  
THE TREES ARE WHISP'RING STORIES,  
SO THAT I CAN ALMOST HEAR;

## SHADOW SECRETS

THEY MUST BE SHADOW SECRETS,  
'CAUSE

WHEN UP COMES MR. SUN,  
AND PEEPS ABOVE THE HILL-TOP, YOU  
SHOULD SEE THE SHADOWS RUN!



THEN BIRDS BEGIN TO SING, AND SOON  
THE MILKMAN COMES AROUND,  
AND BOTTLES HITTING ONE ANOTHER  
MAKE A TINKLY SOUND;  
AND THEN—IT'S FUNNY—SOMEHOW  
ALL THE QUEERNESS GOES AWAY,  
AND EVERYTHING IS WIDE AWAKE, AND  
JUST LIKE YESTERDAY !





## STAR DREAMS

LAST NIGHT I LAY UPON MY BACK,  
AND LOOKED AT ALL THE STARS,  
AND FATHER TOLD THE NAMES TO ME  
OF TWO BIG PLANETS—MARS,  
WHOSE LIGHT IS REDDER THAN THE  
REST,  
AND JUPITER SO BRIGHT;  
HE TOLD ABOUT SOME OTHERS, TOO,  
WE COULDN'T SEE LAST NIGHT.



AND FATHER SAYS THEY'RE LIKE OUR  
EARTH,  
AND SWING AROUND THE SUN;

## STAR DREAMS

I'M PRETTY SURE OUR WORLD'S THE  
BEST—

THE VERY NICEST ONE.

BUT FATHER SAYS IF ANYONE

IS LIVING UP IN MARS,

TO HIM OUR WORLD LOOKS JUST THE

SAME

AS ALL THE OTHER STARS!



AND IT DOES SEEM THE QUEEREST  
THING

ABOUT THE TINY ONES,—

THAT THEY AREN'T REALLY SMALL AT

ALL,

BUT GREAT BIG BLAZING SUNS!

AND ROUND THESE SUNS A *MILLION*  
WORLDS

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

ARE WHIRLING THERE IN SPACE!—  
ALL MOVING JUST WHERE THEY BELONG,  
AND NEVER OUT OF PLACE,



I LAY AND LOOKED A LONG, LONG  
WHILE,  
BEYOND THE FARTHEST STAR,  
WHERE ALL THE SKY WAS DARK AND  
STILL. . . .  
IT SEEMED SO VERY FAR,  
*THAT I FORGOT I WAS MYSELF . . .*  
AND THEN . . . 'T WAS LIKE THE FALL  
I SOMETIMES FEEL WHEN I WAKE UP—  
SURPRISED, AND STRANGE, AND SMALL!



## WISHES

I WISH MY EYES WERE BIG AND BLUE  
AND I HAD GOLDEN CURLS;  
I WISH MY LEGS WERE FATTER, TOO,  
LIKE OTHER LITTLE GIRLS'!



I'D LOVE A DIMPLE IN MY CHIN;  
I WISH MY MOUTH WERE SMALL—  
AND OH, THE WAY MY TEETH FIT IN  
I DO NOT LIKE AT ALL!



BUT DADDY SAYS HE REALLY THINKS  
THAT WHEN I GET MY GROWTH,  
I'LL LOOK LIKE MOTHER. "CHEER UP,  
JINKS!"  
HE SAYS, AND HUGS US BOTH.

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

**H**OW VERY SPLENDID THAT WOULD  
BE!

I WONDER IF IT'S TRUE—  
FOR MOTHER SAYS THAT SHE CAN SEE  
I'M DADDY—THROUGH AND THROUGH!



**A**ND THEY DON'T LOOK ALIKE ONE  
BIT ;

IT'S QUEER AS QUEER CAN BE,  
THAT I CAN LOOK LIKE BOTH, AND IT  
JUST MAKES ME LOOK LIKE ME!



**A**ND WHEN I WISH MY HAIR WOULD  
CURL,

AND THAT MY EYES WERE BLUE,  
MY MOTHER SAYS, "NO, LITTLE GIRL—  
FOR THEN YOU'D NOT BE *YOU*!"

## THE YOUNGEST

I WISH THAT I COULD GO TO SCHOOL,  
AND HAVE A DOUBLE SLATE,  
AND PENCIL, AND A BOOK, AND RULE—  
I JUST CAN *HARDLY* WAIT.



I KNOW MY LETTERS NOW AS WELL  
AS TED OR ANY ONE;  
I GUESS THAT I CAN LEARN TO SPELL,  
AND *THEN* WON'T I HAVE FUN?



I'LL KNOW *THEN* WHAT THEY'RE TALK-  
ING 'BOUT,

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

AND DON'T WANT ME TO KNOW,  
IF THEY *DO* SPELL THE WORDS ALL OUT,  
AND I'LL JUST SHOW THEM—SO !



THEY WHISPER, NOW, AND NOD AND  
WINK,  
AND SMILE. OH, DEAR ! AMONG  
THEM ALL IT'S PRETTY HARD, I THINK,  
TO BE SO *AWFUL* YOUNG !



ONE TIME MY MOTHER SPELLED A  
WORD,  
AND DADDY SHOOK HIS HEAD.  
“ I DON'T BELIEVE IT REALLY HEARD  
OR NOTICED US,” HE SAID.

## THE YOUNGEST

**A**ND SHE SAID, "LITTLE P-I-T-  
C-H-E-R, YOU KNOW,"  
AND DADDY LAUGHED AND LOOKED  
AT ME,  
AND SAID, "HOW SHE DOES GROW!"



**I** HAVEN'T GOT SO VERY FAR  
IN KNOWING THINGS, YOU SEE,  
BUT P-I-T-C-H-E-R  
SOMEHOW, I THINK, MEANS *ME!*





## GROWING UP

I'M GROWING VERY BIG AND TALL,  
ALMOST TO MOTHER'S SHOULDER ;  
AND THOUGH SOME THINGS, OF COURSE,  
I LIKE,  
IN GETTING TO BE OLDER,



MY LEGS AND ARMS HAVE GROWN  
SO LONG  
THAT FATHER LAUGHS, AND BOBBY  
JUST GRINS AND SAYS, "OH, GEE,  
PAULINE,  
YOUR KNEES ARE AWFUL KNOBBY !"

## GROWING UP

AND UNCLE CALLS ME "SPINDLE-  
SHANKS,"

AND "POLLY-DOODLE-DANDY,"

AND SAYS, "MY CHILD, BE THANKFUL  
THAT

YOUR LOVELY LEGS AREN'T BANDY."



IT'S NICE TO REACH HIGH HOOKS AND  
THINGS,

IF ANYBODY PLEASES,

BUT I DO WISH MY FAMILY

WEREN'T ALL SUCH AWFUL TEASES.



I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO *PUT* MYSELF  
WHEN MOTHER TRIES TO HOLD ME;

I WISH SHE KNEW SOME COMFY WAY  
TO TAKE ME UP, AND *FOLD* ME.

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

**O**F COURSE SHE'S ALWAYS LETTING  
DOWN

MY SKIRTS AND SLEEVES TO HIDE ME,—  
BUT OH, I WISH MY BONES WOULD WAIT  
TILL I GROW UP *INSIDE* ME !



## THE TROUBLE

IT'S BEEN THE LONGEST, *LONGEST*  
WHILE  
MY MOTHER'S BEEN AWAY !  
YOU SEE MY GRANDMA'S PRETTY SICK,  
AND CAN'T GET WELL SO VERY QUICK;  
SO MOTHER *HAS* TO STAY.



AUNT NAN IS KIND, BUT DOESN'T  
MAKE  
THE RIGHTEST KIND OF CURLS,  
OR KNOW JUST HOW TO BUTTON ME;  
SHE ISN'T USED TO IT, YOU SEE—  
SHE HAS NO LITTLE GIRLS.

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

**A**ND FATHER—WELL, HE DOESN'T  
KNOW

JUST HOW I GO TO BED.

HE GETS ME ALL HINDSIDE BEFORE,  
AND HANGS MY CLOTHES UP BY THE  
DOOR,

AWAY ABOVE MY HEAD.



**N**OW, MOTHER ALWAYS PUTS THEM  
'CROSS

MY LITTLE WILLOW CHAIR;

I HAVE A CAR'MEL AND A DRINK,—

THAT'S PRETTY COMFOR'BLE, I THINK,—  
AND THEN SHE BRAIDS MY HAIR.



**B**UT FATHER, SOMETIMES HE FORGETS  
TO WASH MY HANDS AND FACE !

## THE TROUBLE

AND HE CAN'T EVER 'MEMBER WHERE  
HE STOPPED, IN TELLING 'BOUT THE  
BEAR—

HE JUST FORGETS THE PLACE.



OH, *SOME* THINGS FATHER DOES, I  
LIKE !

WHEN I HAVE SAID MY PRAYERS,  
HE TELLS ME STORIES IN THE DARK,—  
THEY'RE FULL OF *WHIST!* AND *HIST!*  
AND *HARK!*

AND LOVELY, CREEPY SCARES.



BUT THEN WHEN I HAVE SNUGGLED  
DOWN

ALL COMFOR'BLY, IN BED,

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

I WISH THAT MOTHER WOULD COME IN,  
AND CUDDLE ME, AND THEN BEGIN  
TO SING, AND SMOOTH MY HEAD.



OF COURSE AUNT NAN AND FATHER DO  
THEIR BEST—I KNOW THEY'VE  
TRIED;

AND EVERYBODY'S VERY KIND—  
I TRY MY HARDEST NOT TO MIND,  
BUT SOMETHING ACHES, INSIDE.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S HOMESICKNESS  
THAT MAKES MY EYELIDS PRICK;  
I WISH I KNEW WHAT 'TIS I'VE GOT—  
'COURSE, HOME'S RIGHT HERE—*BUT*  
*MOTHER'S NOT!*

I B'LIEVE I'M *MOTHERSICK!*

## DISCIPLINE

**W**HEN YOU HAVE BEEN NAUGHTY,  
AND SAY YOU DON'T CARE,  
THERE'S SOMETHING THAT STICKS IN  
YOUR SWALLOW SOMEWHERE.  
YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH—HARD—WITH  
YOUR EYES OPEN WIDE,—  
(YOU REMEMBER THAT ONCE WHEN  
YOU SHUT THEM YOU CRIED).  
AND THEN YOU ARE PUT IN THE NEXT  
ROOM TO STAY  
UNTIL YOU CAN BE GOOD, AND ARE WIL-  
LING TO SAY



## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

I WISH THAT MOTHER WOULD COME IN,  
AND CUDDLE ME, AND THEN BEGIN  
TO SING, AND SMOOTH MY HEAD.



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AND SAY YOU DON'T *CARE*,  
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YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH—HARD—WITH  
YOUR EYES OPEN WIDE,—  
(YOU REMEMBER THAT ONCE WHEN  
YOU SHUT THEM YOU CRIED).  
AND THEN YOU ARE PUT IN THE NEXT  
ROOM TO STAY  
UNTIL YOU CAN BE GOOD, AND ARE WIL-  
LING TO SAY

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

YOU ARE SORRY. IT'S QUEER, THOUGH,  
THE WAY THAT YOU FEEL—  
THERE'S SOMETHING *ALL OVER* THAT  
HURTS A GOOD DEAL.



**A**ND THERE BY YOURSELF WHERE IT'S  
LONESOME AND STILL,  
AND NOBODY CARES . . . WHAT IF YOU  
SHOULD BE ILL ?  
YOU GUESS THEN YOUR MOTHER'D BE  
SORRY ENOUGH,  
AND . . . WELL, YOU ARE WIPING YOUR  
EYES ON YOUR CUFF  
IN A MINUTE, AND WISHING THAT  
MOTHER JUST *KNEW*  
'BOUT YOUR FEELINGS, WITHOUT ANY  
FUSS; AND YOU SCREW

## DISCIPLINE

UP YOUR COURAGE, AND CALL OUT, ' OH,  
MOTHER—YOU THERE ?  
PLEASE, NOW, I'LL BE GOOD—'CAUSE I  
GUESS I *DO* CARE !”



## CONFESSIONAL

ONE DAY—I DON'T KNOW HOW IT  
WAS—

I TOLD A HORRID FIB;  
OH DEAR! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY  
IT CAME SO SMOOTH AND GLIB.



AND THEN I THOUGHT AND THOUGHT  
AND THOUGHT;  
IT HURT ME SO INSIDE,  
I HID MY FACE IN MOTHER'S LAP,  
AND CRIED AND CRIED AND CRIED.



AND SHE SMOOTHED BACK MY HAIR  
AND ASKED,

## CONFESSIONAL

“ WAS WHAT YOU SAID QUITE TRUE ? ”  
AND WHEN I SOBBED AND SHOOK MY  
HEAD,  
SHE WHISPERED, “ MOTHER KNEW ! ”



“ I JUST FORGOT ! ”

O H DEAR ! WHEN MY MOTHER CALLED  
OUT TO ME  
TO GO TO THE BAKESHOP FOR ROLLS  
FOR TEA,  
I *MEANT* TO, OF COURSE,  
BUT THEN A WHITE HORSE—  
I AM COUNTING A HUNDRED—DROVE BY,  
AND THEN,—WHY,  
THE BAKESHOP WENT OUT OF MY HEAD  
LIKE A *SHOT*,  
AND IT NEVER CAME BACK—I JUST  
FORGOT !

“I JUST FORGOT!”

OF COURSE I WAS SORRY, BUT MOTHER  
WAS STERN,  
AND SAID WHAT A PITY I NEVER CAN  
LEARN  
TO *THINK* WHAT I DO.  
OF COURSE IT IS TRUE  
THAT I'M CARELESS, AND OFTEN FORGET  
THINGS, AND YET,  
I AM SORRY—I REALLY DO FEEL IT A LOT  
WHEN I HAVE TO OWN UP THAT I JUST  
FORGOT.



MY BRAIN MUST BE BIG AS *THIMBLE*,  
ABOUT,  
FOR ONE THING JUST PUSHES ANOTHER  
RIGHT OUT.



## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

I CAN'T *HELP* IT—OH DEAR !

BRAINS ARE AWFULLY QUEER. . . .

IT IS NOT THAT I *COULD* THINK, AND  
*WON'T*.—

I JUST *DON'T* !

AND MOTHER'S FORGOTTEN, AS LIKELY  
AS NOT,

THAT WHEN *SHE* WAS LITTLE, *SHE*  
SOMETIMES FORGOT !



## DADDY O' DREAMS

“**L**ADDIE, LET US GO ‘PRETENDING’  
—IT’S THE GREATEST FUN THERE  
IS.

SHALL WE SINK INTO THE BOTTOM OF  
THE SEA ?

WE COULD RIDE UPON THE WHALES,  
WHEN WE WANTED LITTLE SAILS,  
AND HAVE SCALLOP SHELLS FOR DISHES  
FOR OUR TEA.

THEN A-FLOATING IN THE WATER BY  
A-WIGGLING OF OUR TOES,  
WE COULD LISTEN TO THE MERMAIDS  
’NEATH THE MOON;

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

AND THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER,  
I *THINK*, WOULD COME ALONG—”  
“OH, DADDY, WHENABOUTS?—PRETTY  
SOON?”



“WELL, MAYBE . . . OR PERHAPS  
WE'D BETTER GO A-SAILING UP,  
LIGHTLY RIDING ON THAT DANDELION  
FUZZ,  
TO A CASTLE IN A MEADOW IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THE WOODS,  
NEAR THE SKY-COAST OF THE LAND OF  
FUZZY-WUZ.  
THEN WE'LL GO UPON A VOYAGE TO  
EXPLORE THE TWINKLY STARS,  
AND A-SLIDING DOWN THE MOUNTAINS  
OF THE MOON;

## DADDY O' DREAMS

WE'LL HAVE SODA CLOUDS FOR  
LUNCHEON, AND ICE-CREAMY ONES  
FOR TEA—

“OH, DADDY, WHENABOUTS?—PRETTY  
SOON?”



“WELL, MAYBE . . . BUT JUST NOW  
WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT WE  
HAVE HERE,  
IN THE BASKET MUMMY GAVE US FOR  
OUR TEAS.

HERE IS MEAD—I WONDER WHY IT  
LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE LEMONADE?  
AND AMBROSIA—NOT UNLIKE TO BREAD  
AND CHEESE.

WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK OF NECTAR  
OR A BRIMMING MUG OF MILK?

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

WILL YOU USE A PAIR OF CHOP-STICKS

OR A SPOON ?

SOME DAY WE'LL TAKE OUR SCRIP AND

STAFF AND TRAVEL TO JAPAN—”

“ OH, DADDY, WHENABOUTS ?—PRETTY  
SOON ? ”



“WELL, MAYBE. . . . NOTHING MORE,  
LADDIE ? COME AND SNUGGLE  
DOWN. . . .

DO YOU HEAR THAT MAMA BIRDIE SAY-  
ING *CHEEP* ?

SHE IS CHIRPING TO HER BABY BIRDS  
TO CUDDLE CLOSE AND WARM,  
AND SHE'S TELLING THEM IT'S TIME TO  
GO TO SLEEP.

## DADDY O' DREAMS

THEN LISTEN, LADDIE, LISTEN . . . TO  
THE CRICKETS' VIOLINS,  
AND THE BULL-FROG TUNING UP HIS  
BIG BASSOON. . . .

IT IS TIME FOR TINY TADS, AND FOR  
SLEEPY LITTLE LADS—”

“OH, DADDY—RIGHT AWAY?” “PRETTY  
SOON.”



## PICNICS

**O**H, DON'T YOU LOVE TO GO TO PIC-  
NICS? IT'S SUCH FUN TO TAKE  
A GREAT BIG STEAMBOAT DOWN THE  
RIVER TILL YOU REACH THE LAKE,  
AND FEEL THE WIND GO FLUTTER, FLUT-  
TER, ON YOUR FACE AND HAIR.  
I LIKE TO SIT UP IN THE BOW, AND BE  
THE FIRST ONE THERE



**B**UT THEN I HAVE TO PUT A STRING  
AROUND A BOTTLE'S NECK,  
AND DRAG IT BUMPY-BUMP BEHIND US  
FROM THE LOWER DECK.

## PICNICS

AND EVERYBODY WANTS A DRINK, AND  
WE GET HUNGRY, TOO.  
BUT MOTHER SAYS TO SPOIL OUR  
APPETITES WILL NEVER DO.



**T**HEN WHEN WE REACH THE DEAR OLD  
ISLAND, ALL THE AIR IS SWEET,  
AND STILL, AND ALL THE BIRDS ARE  
SINGING, *TWEET-A-TWEET-A-TWEET!*  
AND EVERYBODY RUNS FOR TABLES IN  
THE SHADY SPOTS,  
AND THEN THEY OPEN ALL THE BASKETS  
—OH, SUCH LOTS AND LOTS !



**W**E'VE SANDWICHES AND EGGS AND  
CHICKEN, FRUIT AND WALNUT  
CAKE,



## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

AND COLD TEA, TOO, AND EVERYTHING  
WE JUST REACH OUT AND TAKE!  
AND WE TRY EVERYBODY'S THINGS—  
THOUGH I LIKE OURS THE BEST—  
BUT AT A PICNIC, WHY, OF COURSE, YOU  
DO JUST LIKE THE REST.



THEN WHILE OUR MOTHERS GATHER  
UP, AND CLEAR AWAY THE THINGS,  
WE CHILDREN HURRY OFF TO FIND THE  
VERY HIGHEST SWINGS. . . .  
AND THEN WE GO IN WADING,—OH,  
THAT'S JUST THE BEST OF ALL !  
THE WATER MAKES YOU JUMP SO, AND  
YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE GOING TO  
FALL.

## PICNICS

AND THEN . . . AND THEN . . . THE  
BOAT IS WHISTLING. HOW WE  
HAVE TO RUN !—

AND WRAPS AND BASKETS FEEL AS IF  
THEY WEIGHED ABOUT A TON.

AND THEN THERE'S SUPPER, AND THE  
SUN GETS RED AS FIRE—THE CLOUDS  
ARE LOVELY . . . AND YOU'RE TIRED . . .  
AND YOU WISH THERE WEREN'T  
SUCH CROWDS.



AND THEN THE LIGHTS SHINE IN THE  
WATER, AND IT'S NINE O'CLOCK,  
AND YOU'RE BACK HOME, AND GLAD TO  
FIND THAT FATHER'S AT THE DOCK.

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

AND THEN YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH  
ABOUT THINGS, AND YOU GO TO BED  
WITH JUST A KIND OF FUNNY JUMBLE  
WHIRLING IN YOUR HEAD.



## MOVING

OH, THERE'S LOTS OF FUN IN MOV-  
ING,—

PUTTING ORNAMENTS IN DRAWERS,  
PACKING UP THE BOOKS AND CHINA,  
WIGGLING BIG THINGS THROUGH THE  
DOORS—

MOTHER SIGHS AND SAYS HER HEAD  
ACHES,

AND SHE WISHES WE WERE DONE,  
BUT I THINK THE WHOLE WHANG-  
DOODLE

IS A DANDY LOT OF FUN.

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

**W**E HAVE SPLENDID TIMES WITH  
EATING,

EVERYTHING IN CANS AND JARS;  
WHEN WE REALLY GET TO *LIVING*,  
MOTHER SAYS SHE'LL THANK HER  
STARS.

BUT I THINK IT'S SIMPLY GREAT, AND  
HOPE

'T WILL LAST A GOOD LONG WHILE,  
FOR IT'S CORKING FUN TO MAKE BELIEVE  
YOU'RE ON A DESERT ISLE.



**B**UT THE BEST OF ALL IS SLEEPING  
ON A MATTRESS ON THE FLOOR;  
THOUGH MY FATHER SAYS IT'S  
DRAUGHTY,  
AND THE DICKENS OF A BORE;

## MOVING

BUT IT'S *DIFFERENT*, AND I LIKE IT,  
'CAUSE I PLAY WE'RE CAMPING OUT,  
BUT OF COURSE THE GROWN FOLKS  
NEVER  
KNOW WHAT I AM THINKING 'BOUT.



THEN IT'S GREAT TO HOLD THE  
LADDER  
WHEN MY FATHER'S DOING THINGS,  
'CAUSE WHEN DADDY PUTTERS ROUND,  
HE  
DANCES HORNPIPES, AND HE SINGS—  
'R ELSE HE *MUTTERS*. THEN HE TELLS  
ME,  
“DON'T YOU EVER SAY THAT, SON !”

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

GEE ! I THINK THAT WHEN YOU'RE  
MOVING  
THERE'S A SCRUMPTIOUS LOT OF FUN !



## GOING AWAY WITH FATHER

I'VE BEEN AWAY WITH DADDY TO NEW  
YORK—JUST THINK OF THAT !

I DRESSED MYSELF, 'CEPT BUTTONS  
AND I CHOSE MY OWN NEW HAT.  
THE PORTER ON THE TRAIN WAS AS  
POLITE AS HE COULD BE—  
HE BROUGHT A FOOTSTOOL, AND AT  
NIGHT HE MADE MY BED FOR ME.



AND DADDY BOUGHT ME CHOCO-  
LATES, AND PICTURE-PAPERS, TOO,  
AND SMILED A LOT, AND USUALLY  
CALLED ME MISS BELLEW.



## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

THE PORTER MAN PUT IN A LITTLE  
TEENY WEENY SCREEN,  
AND HUNG THE LITTLEST HAMMOCK  
UP THAT I HAD EVER SEEN.



AND DADDY SHOWED ME LITTLE  
HOOKS, AND HOW TO WORK THE  
LIGHT,  
AND BRUSHED MY HAIR AND WHISTLED  
WHEN HE COULDN'T BRAID IT  
RIGHT.  
AND THEN A LADY DRESSED IN BLACK,  
SHE FINISHED IT FOR ME,  
AND HUGGED ME TIGHT, AND THEN I  
SAT AWHILE UPON HER KNEE.

## GOING AWAY WITH FATHER

---

SHE 'MINDED ME OF MOTHER SO,—  
ALL WARM, WITH CRINKLY HAIR,—  
THE TEARS WOULD COME, AND I JUST  
WISHED THAT MOTHER-MINE WERE  
THERE.

BUT FATHER CAME AND LIFTED ME, AND  
HELD ME CLOSE AWHILE,  
AND SAID SUCH FUNNY THINGS THAT  
PRETTY SOON I HAD TO SMILE.



AND THEN *BESIDE* MY DADDYBOY I  
KNELT AND SAID MY PRAYERS,  
AND THEN HE TUCKED ME UP, AND SAT  
AND TOLD ME 'BOUT SOME BEARS....  
AND THEN . . . WHY, IT WAS MORNING,  
AND THE LADY 'CROSS THE WAY

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

HELPED DRESS ME,—OH, AND THEN IT  
WAS THE WONDERFULLEST DAY !



I WENT ABOUT WITH DADDY SEEING  
GENTLEMEN, AND ONE  
INVITED US TO LUNCH WITH HIM, AND  
IT WAS LOTS OF FUN.

THEY SAID "TEA, COFFEE, MILK ?" AND  
I GUESSED MILK—AND IT WAS—SO !  
BUT WHEN I SAID I'D GUESSED THEY  
LAUGHED—AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW !



THEN WE WENT RIDING ON THE BUS,  
AND ON THE FERRY, TOO,  
AND ATE SOME MORE . . . AND SLEPT  
. . . AND WELL, THERE WAS A LOT  
TO DO,

## GOING AWAY WITH FATHER.

---

AND PEOPLE, LOTS OF THEM . . . AND  
ALL . . . I WAS A SLEEPY GIRL . . .  
MY HEAD SO FULL OF THINGS . . . ALL  
MIXED . . . THAT IT JUST SEEMED  
TO WHIRL.



AND THEN WE TOOK THE TRAIN  
AGAIN, AND I SLEPT ALL THE WAY,  
AND WHEN I WOKE IT SEEMED A FUNNY,  
EXTRA SORT OF DAY.  
WHEN WE GOT HOME, AND MOTHER  
CAME A-FLYING DOWN THE HALL,  
I THOUGHT THAT GETTING BACK TO  
HER WAS JUST THE BEST OF ALL !



## VALOR

**M**Y SISTER HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT,  
ALL 'BOUT A BIG BLACK BEAR,  
THAT FOLLOWED HER TILL SHE WOKE  
UP,—  
GAVE HER A DREFFUL SCARE.



**B**UT POOH ! I GUESS I HAD A DREAM  
'BOUT *SIXTY-LEVEN BEARS*,  
THAT CHASED ME TILL THEY ATE ME  
UP,—  
BUT GEE ! WHAT'S THAT ! WHO CARES ?

## VALOR

---

MY MOTHER, SHE'S AFRAID OF COWS,  
AND GETS BEHIND THE RAILS  
AND SCREAMS. BUT I AM NOT AFRAID  
TO SLING 'EM BY THEIR TAILS !



AND NURSE, SHE'S 'FRAID OF BUR-  
GLARS—THINKS  
THEY'RE UNDERNEATH THE BED;  
BUT IF I EVER SAW ONE, I  
WOULD *SHOOT* HIM—GOOD AND DEAD !



AND OUR COOK, SHE'S AFRAID OF  
GHOSTS,  
AND WHISPERS "HIST !" AND "HARK !"  
I SOMEHOW WISH SHE WOULDN'T,  
WHEN  
IT'S REALLY GETTING DARK.

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

**O**F COURSE I'M NOT A BIT *AFRAID*,  
'CEPT WHEN I HEAR A NOISE—  
BUT MOTHER SAYS THAT THINGS LIKE  
THAT  
AREN'T GOOD FOR LITTLE BOYS.



**I**'M NOT AFRAID TO GO TO BED  
ALL BY MYSELF AT NIGHT,—  
WHEN NURSE LEAVES JUST THE  
LITTLEST *TEENTY*  
*WEENTY* BIT OF LIGHT.



**Y**OU SEE, IF ANY THING SHOULD  
COME,  
I'D WANT TO SEE IT—GOOD—  
YOU NEEDN'T LAUGH, 'CAUSE I JUST  
GUESS  
THAT *ANYBODY* WOULD !

## HAVING TO WAIT

**H**AVING TO WAIT IS AWFULLY HARD,  
WHEN YOU'VE GOT TO HURRY, OR  
ELSE YOUR PARD  
WILL GO WITHOUT YOU.  
YOU *HAVE* TO POUT—YOU  
JUST CAN'T WAIT BECAUSE “MOTHER'S  
BUSY !”  
FOR SO ARE YOU—AND YOUR HEAD  
FEELS DIZZY  
WITH GETTING SO MAD AT HAVING TO  
WAIT,  
FOR IT'S *AWFULLY* HARD, WHEN JOE'S  
AT THE GATE.



## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

ONE TIME SHE JUST SAID, "HUSH  
MY DEAR,"

WHEN I *HAD* TO TELL HER, AND MAKE  
HER HEAR,

BECAUSE THINGS WEREN'T STOPPING;  
AND I GOT *HOPPING*

WHEN SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME  
AT ALL

BECAUSE OLD MRS. WILSON WAS THERE  
TO CALL;

AND WHEN I WHISPERED INTO HER EAR,  
SHE JUST SAID, "THERE, THERE,—HUSH;  
MY DEAR."



AND WHEN I JUST COULDN'T WAIT  
ANY MORE,  
AND KICKED, AND POUNDED MY HEAD  
ON THE FLOOR,

## HAVING TO WAIT

SHE SAID, "I WONDER  
WHO MADE SUCH A BLUNDER,  
AND GAVE ME THIS BOY IN THE PLACE  
OF JACK—

I DO WISH SOMEONE WOULD BRING  
HIM BACK!"

I SHOUTED, "I AM JACK—SO! IF YOU  
WOULD  
JUST LET ME GO THIS TIME, I'D BE  
GOOD!"



SHE SAID, "BUT MY BOY DOESN'T KICK  
AND SHOUT,  
AND PUCKER HIS LIPS TO AN UGLY  
POUT;  
THIS MUST BE SOME OTHER,  
WHO HASN'T A MOTHER

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

WHO LOVES HER BOY, AND HAS FEEL-  
INGS TO HURT."

I JUST HAD TO BURY MY FACE IN HER  
SKIRT,—

BUT—I DON'T *CARE*!—WHEN JOE'S AT  
THE GATE,

IT'S AWFULLY HARD—THIS HAVING TO  
WAIT !



## MOTHER'S WAY

DROWSYLID BLINKS AT HIS BLOCKS  
AND HIS BALL,  
AND SAYS, "BUT YOU SEE I'M NOT *SLEEPY*  
—AT ALL!"  
BUT DROWSYLID'S MOTHER SMILES  
DEEP IN HER EYES,  
FOR LITTLE BOYS' MOTHERS HAVE NEED  
TO BE WISE.



"OH, SONNY, COME SIT BY THE FIRE  
WITH ME,—"  
AND DROWSYLID SNUGGLES HIMSELF  
ON HER KNEE,

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

AND CUDDLES, ALL COMFY, HIS HEAD  
AND HIS LEGS.

"NOW TELL ME 'BOUT WHEN YOU WERE  
LITTLE," HE BEGS.



"**W**HY, MOTHER WAS ALWAYS THE  
SLE-E-E-PIEST THING,  
AND GRANDMOTHER'D ROCK HER, AND  
HUSH HER, AND SING:

*'HUSHABY, HONEY, LIE CLOSE ON MY  
BREAST,—*

*WHERE DO YOU GO ON YOUR DREAM-  
LAND QUEST?'*



"**L**ULLABY, SONNY, SINGS MOTHER TO  
YOU:

THE SAND MAN IS COMING—SAY HOW-  
DO-YOU-DO;

## MOTHER'S WAY

THE FIRE IS GOING TO SLEEP IN ITS BED,  
AND WHISPERS GOOD NIGHT TO MY  
SLEEPY-HEAD.



"IT'S SLIPPING, SLIP-SLIPPING, AND  
YAWNING AWAY,  
AS FIRES SHOULD DO AT THE END OF  
THE DAY. . . .  
JUST ONE LITTLE FLICKER—IT'S SLEEPY-  
ING FAST. . . ."  
BUT DROWSYLID'S HAPPILY DREAMING  
AT LAST.



## FALLING ASLEEP

OH, SOMETIMES WHEN I'M PUT TO  
BED,  
I *WISH* IT WEREN'T SO EARLY !—  
FOR EVERYTHING INSIDE MY HEAD  
FEELS SOMEHOW *STRETCHED*, AND  
*WHIRLY*.



I FEEL SO WIDE AWAKE AND STRONG,  
I THINK THAT I FEEL—*BUSY*,—  
BUT THEN IT ISN'T VERY LONG  
BEFORE MY THOUGHTS GET DIZZY.

## FALLING ASLEEP

I LIE AND LOOK AT MY BIG TREE,—  
THE MOONLIGHT MAKES IT GLISTEN;  
IT WHISPERS HUSH-Y THINGS TO ME;  
I LIKE TO LIE AND LISTEN.



AND THEN I HEAR THE CRICKETS  
SING;  
A BIRD SAYS SOMETHING CHEEPLY. . . .  
AND I DON'T CARE 'BOUT ANYTHING,  
I FEEL SO STILL AND SLEEPY.



AND THEN I FEEL AS LIGHT AS AIR,  
EXACTLY LIKE A FEATHER,  
AND EVERYTHING AND EVERYWHERE  
JUST SEEM TO RUN TOGETHER !



## A SONG OF SUMMER

SHOUT HO !

WHOOOP AND HOLLOA !

SUMMER IS HERE—TO THE COUNTRY  
WE GO.

SCHOOL DONE,

FREEDOM AND FUN—

WINTER IS OVER AND PLAY IS BEGUN !



TREASURES A-PACKING,

TILL NOTHING BE LACKING,

OUR FAVORITE TOYS AND OUR SHOVELS  
AND PAILS,

## A SONG OF SUMMER

---

OUR BOOKS AND OUR TREASURES  
FOR RAINY-DAY PLEASURES—  
OH, THERE WILL BE TIMES WHEN THE  
WIND WILL BLOW GALES.



**B**LOW, BLOW,  
A-HIGH OR A-LOW—  
WE CAN BE HAPPY—THE SECRET WE  
KNOW,  
RAIN, RAIN,  
BENDING THE GRAIN—  
WE'LL PLAY INDOORS TILL THE SUN  
COMES AGAIN.



**R**OARING AND DASHING  
THROUGH FORESTS AND FLASHING  
OUT INTO THE OPEN, THE MEADOWLAND  
SWEET

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

WITH WILD ROSE AND CLOVER,  
WHILE OVER AND OVER  
THE BIRDS ON THE TREES AND THE  
FENCES SING "TWEET!"



"TWEET! TWEET!"  
SINGING TO GREET  
THE CHILDREN SO EAGER, THE MOMENT  
SO FLEET,—  
SING! SING!  
MELODY FLING,  
CHILDREN AND BIRDS, FOR WE'RE ALL  
ON THE WING!



STOPPING AND STARTING,  
AND DAWDLING AND DARTING,

## A SONG OF SUMMER

---

AND PASSING SOME COWS LYING UNDER  
A TREE;  
THROUGH WOODS, OVER BRIDGES,  
AROUND HILLS AND RIDGES—  
THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE BLUE OF  
THE SEA !



SHOUT HO !  
WHOOP AND HOLLOA !  
SUMMER IS HERE—TO THE COUNTRY  
WE GO.  
SCHOOL DONE,  
FREEDOM, AND FUN—  
HARD WORK IS OVER, AND PLAY IS  
BEGUN !

## GOING TO BED

I TELL YOU WHAT, WHEN EVERYTHING  
IS SIZZLING IN MY HEAD,  
'BOUT PIRATES, OR A STORM AT SEA,  
OR INJUN SCOUTS, OR BATTLES—GEE !  
I HATE TO GO TO BED !



I WANT TO KNOW, SO AWFUL BAD,  
JUST WHAT THE END WILL BE;  
AND WHEN THAT LOUD OLD CLOCK GOES  
*WHIR !*  
I KEEP AS *STILL*—I NEVER STIR—  
BUT MOTHER LOOKS AT ME,

## GOING TO BED

AND SAYS, "MY DEAR, IT'S TIME FOR  
BED;

YOU KNOW WE CAN'T ALLOW  
THIS SITTING UP." BUT THEN I TEASE,  
"AW, JUST THIS ONE SHORT CHAPTER—  
PLEASE !  
IT'S SO EXCITING NOW."



THEN *IN A MINUTE* FATHER SAYS,  
"A LENGTHY CHAPTER, SON !"  
AND MOTHER SAYS, "COME, COME,  
ENOUGH !"  
AND DAD, HE SAYS, "THAT BOY'S A  
BLUFF.  
COME, YOUNGSTER, SCUTTLE—RUN !"

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

AND THEN DAD CHASES ME UP-  
STAIRS,  
TO MAKE ME GO TO BED;  
AND SPANKS ME, AND I THUMP HIM  
BACK,  
AND THEN HE GIVES ME ONE MORE  
WHACK  
AND STANDS ME ON MY HEAD.



I HATE TO *START* TO GO TO BED,  
THE SAME WAY EVERY NIGHT;  
BUT DAD, HE MAKES IT ALL A GAME—  
I HAVE TO MIND, THOUGH, JUST THE  
SAME,  
I TELL YOU, *DAD'S ALL RIGHT!*

## GOING TO BED

**T**HEN MOTHER COMES AND HEARS  
MY PRAYERS,

AND DAD GETS ME A DRINK;  
AND THEN DAD HUGS US BOTH REAL  
TIGHT,

AND WE HUG BACK WITH ALL OUR  
MIGHT—

THAT'S RATHER NICE, I THINK !





## *LAPS AND KNEES*

I HATE TO SIT ON PEOPLE'S LAPS  
THAT I DON'T KNOW AT ALL—  
THEY WEAR SUCH HORRID SLIPPY  
THINGS—  
THE FOLKS THAT COME TO CALL.



“COME HERE, MY DEAR,--HOW OLD  
ARE YOU?  
AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME?” THEY SAY.  
I JUST CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING,  
WHEN THEY BEGIN THAT WAY.

## LAPS AND KNEES

THEY LIFT ME ON THEIR LAPS AND  
SMILE;

I GUESS I WIGGLE SOME,  
AND SOON'S I CAN I SLITHER DOWN,—  
I S'POSE THEY THINK I'M *DUMB*.



OF COURSE SOME FOLKS I LIKE A  
LOT—

THEIR LAPS ARE ALL RIGHT, TOO!  
BUT WITH THE ONES THAT JUST *PRE-*  
*TEND*

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.



MY GRANDPA'S KNEES ARE WOB-  
BLETY,

THE BEST YOU EVER SAW

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

TO JOUNCE YOU LIKE THE COUNTRY-  
MAN,  
WHILE YOU CALL GEE ! AND HAW !



AND I LOVE FATHER'S KNEES, AL-  
THOUGH  
HE LETS ME FALL BETWEEN.  
BUT THEN HE LAUGHS AND CUDDLES  
ME.

(*HE THINKS I THINK IT'S MEAN !*)



BUT MOTHER HAS THE BEST OF ALL,—  
YOU NEVER SLIP A BIT;  
BUT THEN *HER* ARMS AND KNEES, YOU  
KNOW,  
WHY,—THEY JUST SEEM TO *FIT* !

## HER FIRST PARTY

THEY TOOK ME TO A PARTY ONCE—  
I THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO GO;  
BUT IT WAS VERY STRANGE AT FIRST,—  
YOU SEE, I DIDN'T KNOW  
THAT THERE WOULD BE *SO MUCH OF IT!*  
IT MADE MY HEAD FEEL QUEER;  
I FELT ALL QUIVERY INSIDE,  
AND WISHED I COULDN'T HEAR.



AND WHEN I COVERED UP MY FACE,  
THEY SAID, "WHY, SHE IS SHY!"  
AND EVERYBODY LOOKED AT ME,  
AND I JUST HAD TO CRY.

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

BUT SOMEONE TOOK ME ON HER LAP,  
AND DREW ME CLOSE AND TIGHT,  
AND THEN MY THROAT STOPPED ACH-  
ING,  
AND I FOUND IT WAS ALL RIGHT.



AND THEN I PLAYED A LITTLE WHILE;  
WE HAD THE GREATEST FUN,  
FOR THEY WERE PRETTY GOOD TO ME—  
I WAS THE LITTLEST ONE.  
BUT I LIKED LOOKING ON, THE BEST,  
TO SEE WHAT THEY WOULD DO,  
THOUGH WHEN THEY ATE ICE-CREAM  
AND CAKE,  
I THOUGHT I'D DO THAT TOO.

## HER FIRST PARTY

**A**ND WHEN MY MOTHER CAME FOR  
ME,  
AND WANTED ME TO GO,  
THEY SAID I'D HARDLY PLAYED AT ALL,  
BUT THEN THEY DIDN'T KNOW.  
I'D SAT SO QUIET WATCHING THEM,  
THEY THOUGHT I WAS *AFRAID*.  
BUT I HAD HAD THE *BESTEST* TIME  
JUST *PLAYING* THAT I PLAYED!



## THE OLD ADAM

WHEN MOTHER SAYS, "NO, YOU MAY  
NOT!"

I JUST SAY, "YES, I WILL!"

I DON'T MEAN RIGHT OUT LOUD, OF  
COURSE,

BUT DOWN INSIDE, AND STILL.

AND WHEN THE FELLOWS CALL TO  
ME,

FOR SOMETHING—MAYBE BALL,

AND SHE SAYS I MUST COME AND WASH,  
THOUGH SHE CAN HEAR THEM CALL,



I HOLD MY BREATH A MINUTE, HARD,  
AND THEN I SAY, "I WON'T!"

## THE OLD ADAM

I DON'T JUST LET HER HEAR ME,  
THOUGH,—  
I'D LIKE TO—BUT I DON'T !



AND ONCE I SAID, "YOU MEAN OLD  
THING !

YOU WOULDN'T CARE 'F I *DIED* !"  
BUT MOTHER DIDN'T MIND AT ALL;  
YOU SEE, SHE'D GONE INSIDE.



AND SOMETIMES I MAKE FACES,  
TOO,—  
THE UGLY, STRETCHY KIND;  
BUT THAT'S BEHIND HER BACK, OF  
COURSE,—  
I KNOW I HAVE TO MIND !



“BUDDY DOES!”

WHY WON'T THEY LET ME CLIMB THE  
GATE,

OR POKE THE FIRE IN THE GRATE,  
OR ANSWER DOOR-BELLS WHEN THEY  
RING,

OR LIGHT THE LAMP, OR *ANYTHING*!  
*BUDDY DOES !*



AT SEVEN O'CLOCK I GO TO BED,  
BUT BUDDY HAS A STORY READ  
TO *HIM*, BEFORE HE GOES, AT EIGHT.  
I WISH THAT I COULD STAY UP LATE,-  
*BUDDY DOES !*

“BUDDY DOES”

AND BUDDY PLAYS 'MOST ANYWHERE;  
THEY LET HIM GO ACROSS THE  
SQUARE;

BUT I MAYN'T LEAVE OUR WALK, AND I  
CAN'T SEE AT ALL THE REASON WHY,—  
*BUDDY DOES !*



THEY SAY OF COURSE THEY CAN'T  
ALLOW  
SUCH THINGS,—THAT I'M TOO LITTLE  
NOW.

BUT SOON I'LL BE A BIG BOY, TOO,  
AND THEN THEY'LL *HAVE* TO LET ME  
DO  
AS BUDDY DOES !

## THE DINNER PARTY

THEY ARE HAVING A PARTY, WITH  
ICE-CREAM, AND WINE,  
AND OYSTERS—THE THINGS THAT YOU  
HAVE WHEN YOU “DINE.”  
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY EXPECT  
*ME* TO DO ?  
WHY, TO GO UP TO BED, AND TO STAY  
IN IT, TOO !  
BUT I SHA’N’T ! I’LL CREEP DOWN,  
IN MY BLUE DRESSING-GOWN,



AND PEEK AT THE PEOPLE, AND  
CANDLES, AND FLOWERS.

## THE DINNER PARTY

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WHY, THEY WILL BE EATING FOR HOURS  
AND HOURS !—

AND LAUGHING, AND TALKING, AND  
BEING POLITE.

THEY'RE SO SLOW THAT THEY DON'T  
EAT AS MUCH AS THEY MIGHT,—  
THAT IS SILLY, *I* THINK;  
*I'D* BE QUICK AS A WINK !



**M**AYBE KATIE WILL GIVE ME SOME  
ICE-CREAM AND CAKE,  
AND A PLATE OF THE OTHER NICE  
THINGS THAT THEY MAKE  
FOR THE PARTY. OH DEAR, I DON'T  
THINK IT IS FAIR

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

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TO A GIRL NINE YEARS OLD, NOT TO  
LET HER BE THERE!  
WHEN I'M GROWN UP, I'LL DINE,  
AND HAVE OYSTERS, AND WINE !



## AT GRANDMA'S HOUSE

**T**HE RAINY DAYS, AT GRANDMA'S  
HOUSE,  
ARE JUST THE BEST OF ALL !  
WE PLAY UP-GARRET 'MOST ALL DAY,  
WITH QUEER OLD CLOTHES. IT'S FUN  
TO PLAY  
THAT WE ARE OLD, AND TALL.



**W**E OPEN ALL THE TRUNKS THERE  
ARE,  
AND ALL THE BOXES, TOO,  
AND WEAR THE THINGS. WE TRAIL  
AROUND

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

IN ALL THE DRESSES WE HAVE FOUND  
AND BONNETS, JUST LIKE NEW.



FOR MANY, MANY YEARS AGO,  
BEFORE WE ALL WERE BORN,  
MY GRANDPA DIED, WHEN HE CAME  
BACK  
FROM WAR, AND GRANDMA PUT ON  
BLACK.  
THAT'S WHAT YOU DO, TO MOURN.



AND ONCE WHEN PAUL FOUND  
GRANDPA'S SWORD,  
WE CROWDED ROUND TO SEE,  
AND GRANDMA TOLD ABOUT THE WAR,

## AT GRANDMA'S HOUSE

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AND WHAT THEY ALL WERE FIGHTING  
FOR,—  
TO SET THE DARKIES FREE.



AND THEN SHE WIPED HER EYES,  
AND SAID,  
“WHO'D LIKE SOME BUTTERSCOTCH?”  
WE SHOUTED, “WE WOULD! COME  
ON, ALL!”  
AND THEN SHE DROVE US DOWN THE  
HALL,  
AND STAYED WITH US, TO WATCH.



AND MOTHER CAME AND SHOOK  
HER HEAD,  
WHEN IT WAS NEARLY DONE;



## FEELINGS AND THINGS

---

BUT GRANDMA LAUGHED, AND DIDN'T  
MIND,  
AND SAID, "THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT  
YOU'LL FIND."  
OH, GRANDMA'S LOTS OF FUN !



AND SOMETIMES GRANDMA READS  
TO US,  
SHE SAYS TO MAKE US REST,  
WE PLAY SO HARD. 'MOST ANY DAY  
IS FUN, AT GRANDMA'S, ANY WAY,—  
BUT RAINY DAYS ARE BEST !



## CHRISTMAS EVE

ON CHRISTMAS EVE MY MOTHER READ  
THE STORY ONCE AGAIN,  
OF HOW THE LITTLE CHILD WAS BORN,  
AND OF THE THREE WISE MEN.



AND HOW BY FOLLOWING THE STAR  
THEY FOUND HIM WHERE HE LAY,  
AND BROUGHT HIM GIFTS, AND THAT  
IS WHY  
WE KEEP OUR CHRISTMAS DAY.



AND WHEN SHE'D READ IT ALL, I WENT  
AND LOOKED ACROSS THE SNOW,  
AND THOUGHT OF JESUS COMING  
AS HE DID SO LONG AGO.

## FEELINGS AND THINGS

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I LOOKED INTO THE EAST AND SAW  
A GREAT STAR BLAZING BRIGHT;  
THERE WERE THREE MEN UPON THE  
ROAD .  
ALL BLACK AGAINST THE LIGHT.

I THOUGHT I HEARD THE ANGELS SING,  
AWAY UPON THE HILL. . . .  
I HELD MY BREATH . . . IT SEEMED AS IF  
THE WHOLE GREAT WORLD WERE STILL.



IT SEEMED TO ME THE LITTLE CHILD  
WAS BEING BORN AGAIN. . . .  
AND VERY NEAR . . . THAT THEN, SOME-  
HOW,  
WAS NOW . . . OR NOW WAS THEN.



















